



YOU PROMISED
ME WE'D ORBIT
A STAR!

HYPERBALLAD



UH-HUH.

SO, WHAT
ARE WE DOING
ON A FLIPPIN'
CRUISE SHIP?

CLARA, THIS ISN'T JUST A
CRUISE SHIP; IT'S THE
SS BERRY GORDY, A 53RD
CENTURY WARP CRUISER
BOUND FOR A WHOLE
FIZZING CONSTELLATION
OF STARS.

LADIES,
GENTLEMEN AND
MULTI-FORMS:
VEK-HAART LINERS
ARE PROUD TO
PRESENT...

WE'RE JUST
TAKING THE
SCENIC
ROUTE.





--ABOUT.

MY BROTHERSSSSSSS!
SSSSSECURE
THE DOME--



PLEASE,
NO...!

--WHILE
I SSSSTEAL
THE PRIZE!



DOCTOR,
WHAT CAN
WE DO?

WHRRRRR!

DON'T
WORRY,
CLARA.

I'M FULLY
AWARE OF--



-- THE GRAVITY OF
THE SITUATION!

I'M THE
DOCTOR. THIS
IS CLARA.

AND
APOLOGIES FOR
THE MESS.

MISS SUMMER...
INDIA...ARE
YOU OK?

I...I'M FINE...
THANKS TO
YOU TWO.

KLUNK!



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WHO'S GAVOR?

RIGHT...AND DOES HE USUALLY EMPLOY *SKINKS* ON HIS SHIPS?

DID GAVOR HIRE YOU TO KEEP AN EYE ON ME?

MY MANAGER. GAVOR VEK-HAART. HE OWNS THE *CRUISE LINE*.

SKINKS?!?

THE *LIZARD MEN*. VICIOUS. NOT THAT BRIGHT - AND AVAILABLE AT THE RIGHT PRICE.





...HE ISSSSSS MINE!

JUST
KEEP MOVING,
DOCTOR.

JUST KEEP
MOVIN--



OOOF!

FZZZZK!



DOCTOR, WE
COULD REALLY USE
SOME HELP HERE!!!

H-SSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS!



PLEASE....PLEASE DON'T HURT THEM....
WE'LL BE...GOOD HOSTAGES...

I'M NOT HERE TO TAKE
HOSSTAGESSSS!

I KNOW.

AND FOR THE RECORD,
I DON'T NEED TO BE IN
THE CONTROL ROOM TO
DISABLE THE GRAVITY
STABILISERS!

EMERGENCY!
EMERGENCY!
LOWER DECK
GRAVITY
STABILISERS
FAILING.

INDIA...
CLARA...
HOLD ON
TIGHT!

NO....

AND DON'T....

WHRRR!

REPEAT: LOWER
DECK GRAVITY
STABILISERS
FAIL--

...LET GO!

THUD!

GRAVITY
STABILISERS
RESTORED.

OK FELLAS, UNLESS
YOU FEEL LIKE PLAYING
BOUNCY BALL
AGAIN, HOW ABOUT YOU
TELL US THE WHOLE
SORRY STORY...

<UNNNGGHH!>

LATER...

INDIA,
DARLING!!!
HOW ARE
YOU?

I'M FINE,
GAVOR--

--THANKS TO
THE DOCTOR AND
CLARA.

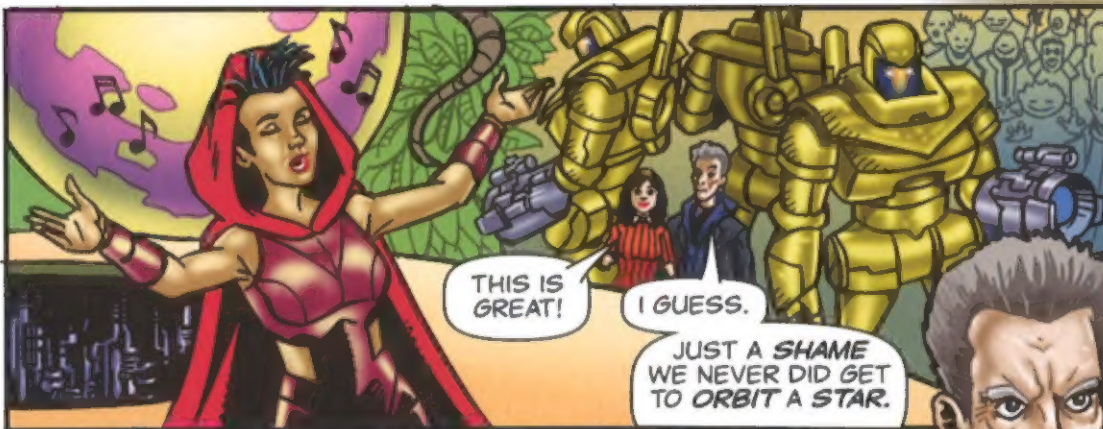
THEN I AM
IN THEIR
DEBT TOO.

WHICH IS IRONIC,
AS YOU'D HAVE
BEEN EVEN
RICHER IF WE
HADN'T BEEN
HERE.

YEAH, IF IT'D ALL
GONE TO PLAN,
INDIA WOULD BE
GONE AND YOU'D
HAVE **TOTAL**
CONTROL OF HER
MUSIC UNTIL THE
END OF TIME.

SIR, YOU ARE...
SLANDERING
MY GOOD NAME!

ACTUALLY, THE *SKINKS*
DID THE SLANDERING--



THE END!